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Dec. 12—3m.

FALL and WINTER

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Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Trunks, Hats, Notions, Groceries,

42—tf

PATENTS

[illegible]

Poetry.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF FARMER CHITTY.

To the city
Farmer Chitty,
Plain but gritty,
Came one day,
And he wandered,
And he pondered,
On his way.

Thus while gazing
At amazing
Sights, and praising
All he saw:
He was taken—
By mistaken
Mr. Shaw.

Who to right it,
And requite it,
Him invited
To a smile;
And the farmer
To the former
Grew a warmer
Friend the while.

Soon elated,
And inflated,
Chitty waited
For the deal:
When some aces
Showed their faces—
Two hard cases
Made him squeal.

In the city
Stood the gritty
Farmer Chitty
Cursing all.
Not a penny
Of the many
Had he any
More to call.

Home returning
Through the burning
Sand, and learning
How to tramp
How to tramp,
Spouse she took
And she shook him,
Grit forsook him,
And she wouldn't believe a blamed word he said in explanation.

—*Texas Siftings.*

Selected Story.

A BITTER CUP.

Mr. Martin had just come in to tea. It was one of those sultry summer evenings when the leaves hang stirlessly on the trees, and the dull electric fires blaze along the east, foreboders of storm.

It had been very hot all the day, the farm-hands had lagged at their work on the lowland meadow, and all the world's wheels seemed to revolve as if they were weighted. Mr. Martin was very tired, and, withal, a little cross.

Perhaps Mrs. Martin was tired, too. She, poor soul, had been up since four o'clock in the morning. She had washed, taken care of four cow's milk, prepared three meals for the hungry farm hands, been up in the quarry woods to search for a family of adventurous young turkey-chicks, soothed the sorrows of a teething baby, and mended up the suit of clothes which Betsey Blim, the tailoress, had declared not worth a needleful o' thread! because Thomas her husband, had said that 'willful waste was woful want,' and that there was a deal of wear in the suit yet, if only there was a stitch taken here and there.

But her cheek was pink and her eyes sparkling when Thomas came in, for all heaviness in her heart and the dull pain in her back, for little Esther had come from boarding school.

Esther, the youngest sister of all, the darling of the family circle from which Mrs. Martin came—the pet for whom they all had scraped and pinched so that she, at least, might have a Boston education.'

And Esther sat in the window-seat, grown into a blooming young woman, with bronze-brown hair lying in fluffy masses over her fair forehead, porcelain-blue eyes, and a dress all trimmed with ribbon bows.

'Look, Thomas!' cried Mrs. Martin, excitedly: 'It's Essie! Es[illegible]ect come home two days before w[illegible] not pected her!'

'Yes, I see,' said Mr. [illegible] the cold measured [illegible] ways dampened [illegible] asm like so many [illegible] water. 'Ho[illegible] Ruth, w[illegible] chicken[illegible] bee[illegible] long forty or fifty years ago as re[illegible] it[illegible] to us by one its oldest inhabi[illegible] christ[illegible]ants. Afterwards we will speak of those who have died within our own memory and those still living. Many individuals in that section have the history of their own families and neighbors more perfect than we can possibly have, and many know anecdotes and incidents of mirth; all of this would assist us and give interest to the Reminiscences we may write. So write to us one and all. Your Jr. can give much of interest to us. So can J. L. E., L. H. S., "Dit." Collect all you can in a letter and send it to us.

J. O. M.

enough for anybody. We must economize in little things as well as large ones, if we don't want to end our days in the poor-house.'

And Mrs. Martin sorrowfully obeyed, while Esther watched her brother-in-law with large, grave eyes, betokening inward surprise.

At the end of a week, Mr. Martin addressed his sister-in-law with serious purposes.

'Well Esther,' said he, 'you've been here a week now.'

'A week is a good long visit,' remarked Mr. Martin.

'It's long enough for some things' said Essie.

'Mrs. Martin thinks she would like to have you stay,' went on Mr. Martin, after a puzzled glance at the blue, shining eyes. 'And although, of course, every one adds to the expense in a family like this, I've no objections to giving you a home, provided you are willing to earn it by hard work. And—'

'Stop caried Essie, jumping up, 'I haven't asked you for a home yet. And I don't mean to. And you are only making me the offer because Doctor Dorlan says Ruth will break down unless she has a strong maid-servant to help her with the house-wovk. But there is no money that would hire me to make myself such a drudge as poor Ruth is.'

'Hoity-toity!' said Mr. Martin, 'Young woman, you don't consider who you are talking to.'

'Yes, I do,' said Essie, with emphasis. 'To a Bluebeard, to a stock, a stone, a man who is grinding his wife's life out on the pitiless wheel of money-making. No, I wouldn't live as Ruth does, not if you would put me in a palace!'

Mr. Martin grew green and saffron by turns.

'Humph!' said he. 'Fine ideas you got at this fashionable boarding school of yours. Well, if you don't like my offer, you're not obliged to accept it. Be a fine lady, if you please, and see where it will land you.'

By way of answer, Essie marched out of the room with all the dignity of a royal princess. She only stopped in the kitchen long enough to kiss Ruth, who was in the midst of a baking.

'Poor darling,' said she, 'How I wish I could carry you off with me. For stay, I won't!'

'Life is hard work, Essie,' said Mrs. Martin, beginning to cry, in spite of herself; 'and it's a woman's duty to help her husband.'

'And I mean to help mine—when I have one,' said Essie, blushing brightly, 'But not by wearing myself out.'

Mr. Martin shook his head.

'If Stephen Smith is foolish enough to marry that saucy gipsy, she'll lead him a pretty life,' said he. 'I wonder if she expects to sit on a satin sofa all her days with a rose in her hand, and her hair frizzled, in that preposterous fashion, all over her eyes? But I warn 'em, they need never come to me for help! Esther has treated me with too much insolence for me ever to receive her again.'

'I am sure she did not mean anything,' said Mrs. Martin, apologetically.

'Well, then, her words belied her meaning,' remarked Thomas Martin, grimly compressing his lips.

But Stephen Smith was apparently undaunted by the possibilities of ruin predicted by Farmer Martin, for he married Esther and went to the city to live, within three months.

'I gave 'em just a year to come back here and eat humble pie!' said Martin, vindictively.

'Oh, Thomas, don't talk so!' said his wife. 'One would think you would be glad to have some evil befall them!'

'And so I should,' said Martin, viciously grinding his teeth together. 'That girl needs a lot of humbling, and I hope she'll [illegible] it.'

Three years afterward [illegible] came one of those terrib[illegible] that undo a farmer's [illegible] season, and sweep[illegible] pects as an arm[illegible] away a serious [illegible] died, a per[illegible] the flock [illegible] Mart[illegible] just bought; a high wi[illegible] his best barn over, and a bad [illegible] stared him in the face on [illegible] livery side.

'It's no use talking,' said he. 'I cannot meet this year's interest on the mortgage. The place will have to go.'

'Oh, Thomas!' groaned Mrs. Martin, who, poor soul, now lay all day on a hard wooden lounge, and [illegible] to see how wofully she was [illegible] at the helm.

'[illegible] help it,' said Martin. 'Luck is against me.'

'[illegible] hundred dollars,' [illegible] 'You might borrow [illegible] of letters [illegible] merino [illegible] storm.

[illegible] when Essie came to the fa[illegible] to assist her sister, for the [illegible] time she found Ruth sitting [illegible] on the piazza, and the [illegible] little lambs play in ev[illegible] with listless, heavy [illegible]

[illegible] said Ruth, 'I can't work [illegible] more. But Thomas is very [illegible]. He don't grudge the hired girl's wages, and he is always saying he wished he had taken more care of me in the old times. But it's too late now. You were right, Essie, when you said you wouldn't stay on here, and help with the house work.'

'Yes,' said Essie, fondling the thin hand, which lay on the arm of the rocking-chair, 'I think I was right.'—*Helen Forest Graves.*

doing well in Boston. And, after all, Esther's my own sister.'

Mr. Martin's features contracted into a hideous grimace. Of all the bitter cups which circumstances had held to his lips of late this was the bitterest.

But it had to be swallowed, There was no help for it.

'I didn't suppose Smith's folks lived as genteel as this,' said he to himself as a neat maid led him across an octagonal vestibule, floored with black and red marble, and fragrant with flowers, under the golden fringe of an antique portiere, into a large, tastefully-furnished room, where the singing birds, the open piano, the low satin sofa all betokened no lack of money.

Yes—Mr. Smith was at h[illegible] He had not yet gone to the s[illegible] and presently he came in, waving up a re[illegible] welcomes to the man who had mar[illegible] ried Essie's sister.

'Lend you a thousand dollars?' [illegible] said he. 'Of course we can lend [illegible] you a thousand dollars. What is [illegible] money for if not to help each other [illegible] with. Oh, yes. We've a snug little sum laid up in the bank, and we live very comfortably. My [illegible]siness? Yes, it's tolerable, bu[illegible] never got us all these things [illegible] glancing at the soft arabesques of [illegible] the carpet, the graceful folds of the [illegible] crimson silk curtains, and the easel [illegible] filled with proof engravings. 'That is my wife's doing.'

'Eh?' said Mr. Martin, staring around him.

'Yes,' said Smith, with a certain, quiet satisfaction. 'Essie is an artist, you know—a designer. She invents patterns for the paper hangers and upholsterers. They are glad to pay her fifty dollars a week.'

'Fifty dollars is, I mean—than poor Ruth made by all her poultry for a year. 'Well, I never in all his life he had never respected Essie as he respected her now."

'She has money laid up,' said Stephen Smith, 'And if she's the girl I think she is, she won't grudge it to help her sister's husband in a pinch.'

Gall and bitterness—gall and bitterness! But, thought poor Martin with a sign, how was Stephen to know all that was come and gone?

Essie's light step, on the passageway, sounded at this instant; and she came in, dressed in a picturesque brown linen blouse; her hair still shading her forehead. like a fringe of floss silk, after the old, graceful fashion.

'Yes,' she said brightly, when her brother-in-law's errand was stated to her; 'Of course you shall have it. I owe you as much as that, I think' Thomas, were it only to ease from your memory that last scene of our parting. How defiant and insolent it was, to-be-sure!' and she laughed the sweetest of mellow laughter. 'But I insist upon it still, that my theory was correct; a woman can work, without becoming a drudge.'

'Perhaps she can,' slowly and unwillingly admitted Thomas Martin—'perhaps she can! But it didn't use to be so, in my mother's days.'

And he sighed to think of poor Ruth, broken down in the meridian of her days, by the and necessitics that drive the wife of an American farmer to her doom. Was it his own fault? Perhaps it was.

Essie's thousand loan was th[illegible] straw which saved him from fi[illegible] tive drowning. He paid th[illegible] est, bought a new flock [illegible] sheep, and weathered t[illegible]

And the next [illegible] came to the far[illegible] ter, for the [illegible] Ruth sitting [illegible] watching [illegible] the [illegible] ev[illegible]

[illegible] Reuben [illegible] Williams [illegible] merino [illegible] R. W. [illegible]

[illegible] Essie [illegible] sis[illegible] time she found [illegible] piazza, and [illegible] little lambs play in [illegible] listless, heavy [illegible]

[illegible] ought [illegible] work in a [illegible] his pros[illegible] wind sweeps [illegible] The cattle [illegible] broke out among [illegible] sheep, which Thomas [illegible] high [illegible] barn over, and [illegible] stared him in the face on [illegible] side.

'[illegible] he. 'I [illegible] interest on [illegible] place will have [illegible]

[illegible] Martin, who, poor soul, now lay all day [illegible] lounge, and [illegible] how wofully she was [illegible]

[illegible] help it,' said Martin. [illegible] against me.'

[illegible] hundred dollars,' [illegible] 'You might bor[illegible]

[illegible] I'd like to [illegible] remembering [illegible] had hard[illegible] every [illegible] golden [illegible] sug[illegible] he's

BACON [illegible]
RYE [illegible]
SOAP [illegible]
STARCH [illegible]
STAR CANDLES [illegible]
FLOUR, per [illegible]
PEARL HOMINY [illegible]
CANDY [illegible]
CONCENTRATED LYE [illegible]
ENGLISH SODA [illegible]
HORSFORD'S BAKING POWDER [illegible]
SEA FOAM BAKING POWDER [illegible]
AXLE GREASE [illegible]
TOBACCO [illegible]
NAILS (10) keg [illegible]
BAGGING—Heavy [illegible]
ARROW TIES, per bunch [illegible]
SPLICED ARROW TIES [illegible]
RED CLOVER SEED—per lb [illegible]
TIMOTHY HAY [illegible]
WHEAT, per bu [illegible]
BRAN, per 100 lbs [illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE SOW ALL RIGHT.

Arkansaw Tra[illegible]

There are some sect[illegible] of Arkansas, which like some sections of Kentucky, are far removed from the active enforcement of the revenue laws. The laws of the state are respected, and even that part of the national statute which does not prescribe restraint on the eccentricities of personal liberty, nor make suggestions concerning the occupation a man shall follow, is regarded by the natives as, not "all right," but as something "that'll sorter do." The[illegible]atives of these sections regard [illegible] as the common right of [illegible]nd the law which forbids [illegible] an enactment intended [illegible] people, consequently, [illegible]s are sheltered by [illegible]ke no active part nor [illegible]enue from this unlaw[illegible]anufacture. A reve[illegible] is regarded as an enemy [illegible]ople, and any one who can [illegible] in misleading him and [illegible]ng him off the track, is ever commemorated in the annals of [illegible] neighborhood tradition as a man of great intelligence and worthy of [illegible]mulation.

[illegible] several days ago a party of revenue men stopped at the rude house of a "squatter." Railroads and other civilizing influences had from time to time driven the "squatter." be[illegible]re them until he had at last bu[illegible] his home in the mountains where [illegible] lived in defiance of progress. [illegible]n the men stopped, he saw at a g[illegible] who they were, and when they called to him he limped out to the fence—limped, for the "squatter," like the old negro, always has an active enjoyment with rheumatism or a momory of it that seriously interferes with his locomotion.

"How do you do sir?" said the commander of the squad. "We were told that if we came here you could give us some information concerning the lands of this neighborhood as we wish to purchase a tract," assuming the guise of immigrants with a view to misleading the old fellow.

"Putty well, thank yer. Won't yer light an hitch?"

"No, we are in something of a hurry. What is good land worth?"

"I dunno."

"Don't you live here?"

"Yes, sorter."

"And don't you know the price of good land?"

"No."

"That's singular."

"It mout be ter some fokes, but it ain't ter me. Say thar, Jim," turning to his son, "drive the sow outen the house fur she mout turn over the sugar troff an' spill the young 'un."

"How is it you don't know the [illegible] price of land?"

"I do."

"Why, you said you didn't [illegible]

"I never. Said I did[illegible] price of good lan,' an[illegible] thar ain't no good [illegible] community." [illegible]cted wi[illegible] the [illegible] know the [illegible] don't, 'case

"I unders[illegible] does ever [illegible] First [illegible] in this here

"Bri[illegible] now. Well, what [illegible] and bring?"

[illegible] about an average price?" [illegible] would you call an average?"

"Wall, I hardly know."

"Do you know a man in this neighborhood named Bob Blakemore?"

"Is he the son o' ole man Blakemore?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Is he got a sort o' moon eye on one side an' a sort o' rainy day eye on tuther?"

"That's the man, I believe."

"Sorter walks like he didn't kere whar he was gwine, do he?"

"Yes, from what I know of him he does."

"Sorter whines when he talks, like he was a longin' fur suthin' he ain't got?"

"He's the man, I have no doubt."

"Wars a par o' shoes what was made by Josh Simmons, which one heel shiser way an' tuther way!" making signs with his hands.

"That's the individual. Where can I find him?"

"Well, ef yer know him as well as I do yer oughter know whar to find him."

"When did you see him last?"

"Don't riccollock the last time as well as I do the fust. The fust time I ever seed him we fit. He flung me an' I flung him. He drawd blood an' I drawed blood. Then we fit an' we fit till his wife she come, then we fit till my wife she come, then we all fit. Airter awhile we got mixed up, an' my wife she fit me an' his wife she fit him, an'—"

"Well we don't care anything about that. I'd like to know where we can find him, as we can doubtless strike a trade."

"Yes, but lemme tell yer. Say, Jim, did yer drive out the sow?"

"Yes, pap."

"Did he spill the young un?"

"No, pap."

"Wall," again turning to the men, "I want ter tell yer 'bout Bob. My wife she's gone ter one o' the neighbors an' I ain't pushed fur time. Arter we'd fit an' fit, my wife she gave me a powerful lick over the eye—"

"We don't care for that."

"Yas, wall, I was gwine ter tell yer what give Bob that rainy day eye. Bob's wife she snatched up a wet cob an' give him a lick in the eye. Never was hit by a wet cob was yer? Wust thing in the world. Seed a niggar hit with one by ole Darb Sevier once. Didn't know Darb, I reckin. Wall, it makes no difference, fur—"

"Look here, my friend."

"Don't know as I'm yer friend, but I'm er lookin' thar."

"We wan't to find Bob Blakemore."

"I'll tell you how ter find him ef that's what yer want. See that hog path?"

"Yes."

"Wall, take that path till yer come ter the deer-lick. Bobs a mighty hunter an' yer air mighty likely ter find him thar."

"Suppose he isn't there?"

"Then I ken tell yer zackly whar he is."

"Where?"

"Summers else. Say, Jim, is the sow all right?"

"Yas, pap."

"Look here—"

"Lookin' thar agin."

"We want to go into the house."

"Sartinly, come in," and the party dismounted and entered. After looking around, and seeing nothing but a bed, a kettle, a sugar-trough cradle and a baby, they went away. After they had been gone a while, a blanket in one corner of the room moved and Bob Blakemore's head appeared. All the time the old "squatter" had been engaging the revenue men in conversation, Blakemore, who knew that flight would be useless, was digging a hole in the dirt floor, and when he had crouched down and covered himself with the blanket, the boy, Jim, discovered that the sow was "all right."

A FAULT-FINDER ON A PLEASURE TRIP.

"Now Sarah, I'll bet fifty dollars you forgot to lock that wood-shed door!"

"Mercy on me, but so I did!" she gasped.

"Just as I expected—just exactly; we'll get home to find the house [illegible] cleaned out or in ashes. Nice thing [illegible] mind, though, it would serve [illegible] just right!"

The boat had not st[illegible] one of the boys wh[illegible] some gymnastics wi[illegible] to the deck and [illegible] squall.

"Broke h[illegible] ner!" [illegible] you h[illegible] alo[illegible]

[illegible] ceased [illegible] Kit[illegible] furnit[illegible] us [illegible] C. MOWRY [illegible] Mrs. Led when [illegible] insisted on [illegible] a chair, fell [illegible] set up a great [illegible]

[illegible] pursuant [illegible] arms, or I'm a sin[illegible] Jacob B. [illegible]uted the father. "I told [illegible] for New do it if you let him come [illegible] Final [illegible] and now, he's a cripple for [illegible]e!"

It was however discovered that the youngest had sustained nothing more serious than a skinned nose, and peace was restored and continued until the wife suddenly discovered that she had lost her watch.

"Of course—of course!" growled the husband. "There goes one hundred and twenty-five dollars of hard earnings! I knew you'd have it stolen before you had gone a rod!"

"But perhaps I left it on the bureau."

"Well, it will be lugged off before night, just the same. Serves you just right for bulldozing me a whole month to make this excursion. What ails that woman's baby?"

"I declare, it has the whooping-cough!"

"Of course—of course, and not one of our children ever had it! You'll have business on your hands for the next six weeks!"

"I never had any other kind of luck, and I'm going down to the saloon, preparatory to a biler explosion!"

When he was helped ashore at the Flats, he was weak in the knees and limber in his spirit. Gathering his family around him, he counted:

"Sheven, eight, nine, ten, 'lezen, twelve. Why, bless my stars! I only had five children when we left Detroit, an' now I've got ten! Just my luck—juss zi 'spected! Los' watch—whooping-cough—ten children—whoop! Serves me jus' rize!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not to honor old age is to destroy in the morning the house where you must sleep at night.

It is a good rule to expect no more of others than we do ourselves.

The "Song of the Shirt" was originally played by the Wrist Band.

"It is a mere matter of form," said the young lady as she adjusted her corset.

When the ditches are dry, clean them out and haul the cleanings to the yard for manure.

What a man gets for nothing he is apt to value at what it cost.

Our acrions are our own; their consequences belong to Heaven.

Be always studious to be in harmony with the ordinances of God.

'Tis ever common that men are merriest when they are from home.

Natural beaver, both in its light and dark shades, is quite popular among young ladies.

Woolen textures, generally of a rough and hairy nature, are being worn as out door costumes.

Heaven ever renders her dews to earth but earth seldom or never renders her dues to Heaven.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special Notices in Local column 15 cent per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

TERMS CASH.

THE WORK OF THE SESSION.

ACTS PASSED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE.

The following is the text of the Act to remove all doubt as to the time of holding general elections in this State:

SECTION 1. That the general election for the Federal, State and County officers in this State shall be held on the first Tuesday following the first Monday in November in every second year, reckoning from the year 1870, and at such polling precints as have been or may be established by law, and shall be conducted in the same manner as is now provided in the General Statutes and Acts of Assembly of this State.

ARSON AND BURGLARY.

An Act to amend Sections 2,480 and 2,481 of the General Statutes of South Carolina relating to the punishment of the crimes of arson and burglary:

SECTION 1. That Section 2,481 be amended by striking out the words "during the whole lifetime of the prisoner" in the proviso and inserting in lieu thereof the following: "For a term of not less than ten years," so that the proviso shall read: "Provided, however, that in each case, when the prisoner is found guilty, the jury may find a special verdict recommending him to the mercy of the Court, whereupon the punishment shall be reduced to imprisonment in the Penitentiary with hard labor for a term of not less than ten years." That Section 2,481 be amended by adding thereto the following proviso: "Provided, however, that in each case, when the prisoner is found guilty, the jury may find a special verdict recommending him to the mercy of the Court, whereupon the punishment shall be reduced to imprisonment in the penitentiary, with hard labor, for a term of not less than five years" so that the section will read: 'Any person who shall commit the crime of burglary at common law shall, upon conviction, be imprisoned in the State penitentiary with hard labor, during the whole lifetime of the prisoner; [illegible] NOTICE [illegible] lifetime of the p[illegible] ever, that in each case, [illegible] prisoner is found guilty, the jury may find a special verdict recommending him to the mercy of the Court, whereupon the punishment shall be reduced to imprisonment in the penitentiary, at hard labor, for a term of not less than five years."

LIABILITIES OF STOCKHOLDDES.

An Act to declare the law in reference to the liability of stockholders of incorporations:

SECTION 1. That the entire loss and liability imposed upon each and every stockholder in any corporation by the words "beside the the value of his share or shares therein," whether used in the general statutes or in any special charter or charters, shall be held and taken as a loss of the amount previously invested by such stock holder in the capital stock of said corporation, and as imposing no other or futher liability whatever.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

An Act to limit the ages of pupils attending the free public schools:

SEXTION 1. That on after the first day of November, 1884, it shall not be lawful for any person who is less than six years of age to attend any of the free public schools.

TRESPASS—EJECTMENT.

An Act to provide for an expeditious mode of ejecting trespassers:

SECTION 1. That if any person shall have gone into or shall hereafter go in to possession of any lands or tenements of another without his consent or without warrant of law, it shall be lawful for the owner of the land so trespassed upon to apply to any trial justice to serve a notice of such trespasser to quit the premises, and if, after the expiration of five days from the personal service of such notice, such trespasser refuses or neglects to quit, it shall then be the duty of such trial justice to issue his warrant to any sheriff or constable, requiring him forthwith to eject such trespasser using such force as may be necessary; provided, however, that if the person in possession shall, before the expiration of the said five days, appear before such trial justice and satisfy him that he has a *bona fide* color of claim to the possession of such premises, and into bond to the person claiming the land with good and sufficient security, to be approved by the trial justice, conditioned for the payment of all such costs and expenses as the person claiming to be the owner of the land may incur in the successful establishment of his claim by any of the modes of proceeding now provided by law, the said trial justice shall not issue his warrant as aforesaid.

(Continued on next Page.